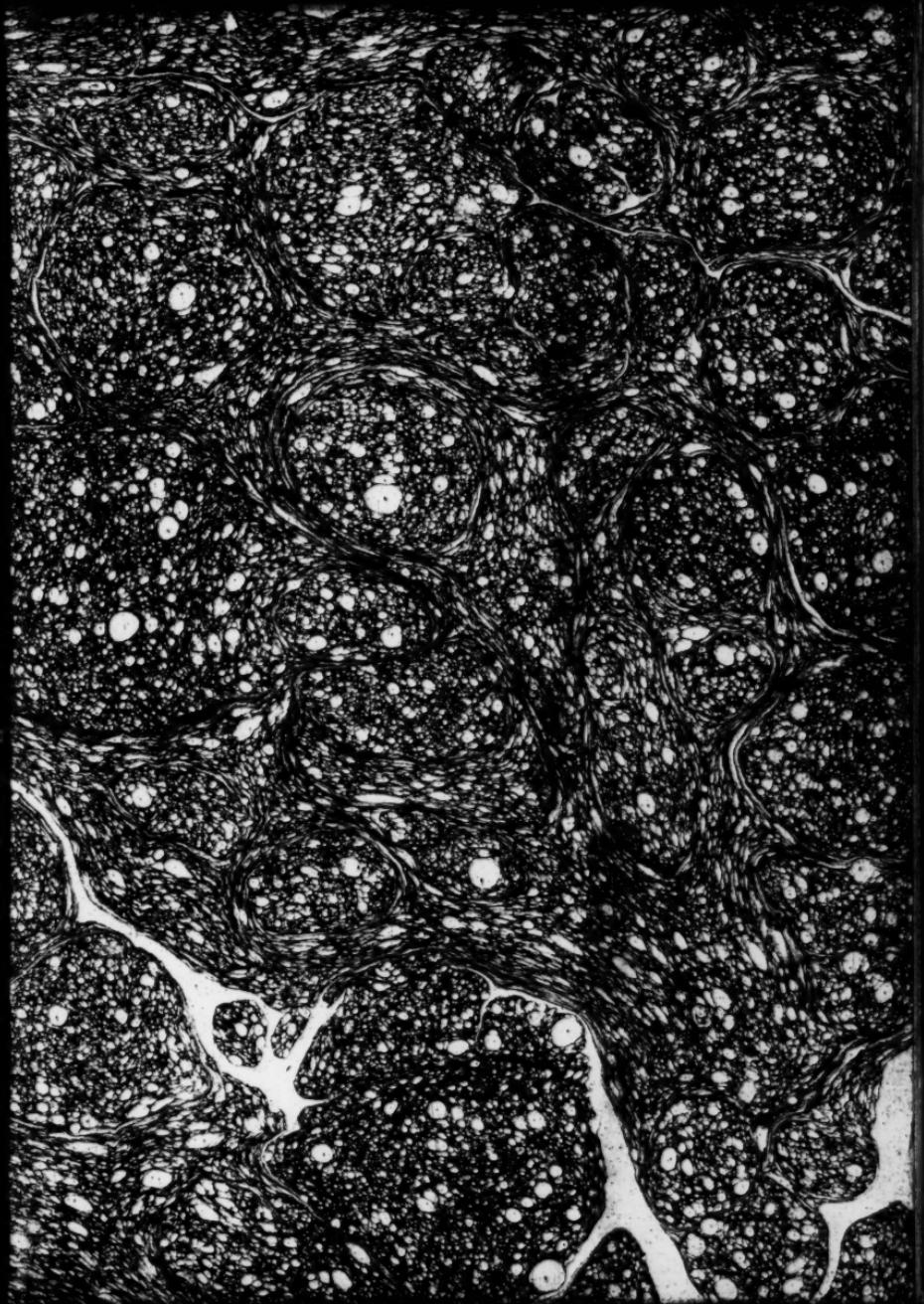


Guystarde and Sygysmonde,

Here foloweth the amorous hystory of Guystarde and Sygysmonde / and of theyr dolorous deth by her father newly traslated out of laten in to engylshe by Wyllm Walter seruaunt to syr Henry Barney knyght chaunceler of þ duchy of Lancastre.







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CR. Coplande to the translatour.

Tynflammathe desyze of your good intent
Newes to compyle/ eschewyng pdelesse
Cometh of grace/ of Wyldome excellent
To occupy iuche/ as haue no belynnesse
Whiche sti of doyng/ moche harme doth oppresse
For surely pdelesse is portresse of all synne
Euery vyce/ redy to lette in

Chewretched lyfe/ of olyosyte
Engendreth iouth/ pouerte and payne
It is nouryce/ of voluptuosity
And setteth the mynde on all thynges bayne
It sleeth the body/ and troubleth the brayne
Unstableth the wyt/ and wasteth good dede
And letteth vertu/ and goodnesse to procede

CExample playne/ of ydle Sygysmonde
I edde deynstely/ no maner Werke to vse
Whiche caused pdelesse/ toz to habonde
And vnto pleasure/ set onely toz to muse
Daunce/ longe/ and play/ the dyb not refuse
Whiche thynges assemblied/ engendred delyte
Of naturall lust/ to do her appetyte

Chere lacketh belynnesse/ and good pastyme
Grace of good doyng/ was from her exyled
Caught as a byrde/ tangled with lyme
Fyght by one feder/ and than with all begyled
Kyght so who with this vyce is fyled
Take with one synne/ all other dothe ensue
Et go/ good belynnesse/ is gate of vertue

Cthus endeth the prologue.

Chow Sygysmonde after
þ deeth of her husbande
Was enamored of
one Guystarde
a man of her
faders
hous,

Dynce of Salerne somtyme was one Tacerde
A noble man gentyll lowly and sage
Greatly praysed for his manhode and ded
Yf he had not take vengeaunce in his age
Of two louers done by his fell courage
For they loued ech other tenderly
By cruell meane he caused them to dy

CThis noble man had never other chylde
But a daughter of excellent beaute
Prudent in her youthe sage and nothyngे wylde
Her fader loued her ryght tenderly
So lothe he was to lese her company
That no man coude haue her in maryage
Tyll that she was aboue her lawfull age

Sygyismonde was the name of this lady
Whiche was wedded with her faders counseyle
Unto the dukes sone of Campany
But in shorte tyme after theyz espousayle
Dethe with his darte her husbande dyd assayle
After whiche dethe she dyd not longe sojourne
But to her fader she dyd hymne recourne

COf shape and persone she was well fourmed
Her face and colour fayre and amyable
Nature in beauty her so fornysshed
That none to her was equiperable
Her maner and Wyldome commendable
In all her dedes she was excellent
Moze than to woman is expedient

CIn her faders house she longe soiournyng
In Welthe and easse and greate prosperyte
Her faders mynde whan she had perceyuyng
How he in her had suche felycyte
That to mary her he woulde not agre
And how it sholde be shame for hym to requyre
To accomplyshe her pleasure and desyre

CWherfore she concluded in her mynde
Some gentyll man for her louer to chose
Whiche wolde vnto her be secret and kynde
With whome she myght her pleasure somtyme bse
The chaunce of loue she coude no wylle refuse
Cupyde so soze her herte had set on fyre
That nede she must accomplyshe her desyre

COf nobles and other of meane degré
Her faders house was greatly fornysshed
As noble housholders are wont for to be
Sygysmonde they maners oft regarded
Amonge whome one out she had espyed
Vertuous/humble/stedfast/prew/and sage
How be it he was but of small lygnage

A.iii.

GThis noble yonge man Guystarde had þ name
Upon Whome ofte Sygysmonde her luke dyd cast
His noblesse her herte dyd sore enflame
And for she had full oft founde hym stedfast
Hym for to loue she was nothyng agast
His sadde behauour wounded her sore
That loue in her increased more and more

GThis yonge man lyke Wyse of Wyt excellent
Perceyuyng the noblesse of this lady
In her loue so feruently he brent
That nyght nor daye he coude rest quyetyng
To loue his mynde so moche he dyd apply
That by desyre he was so sore opprest
His paynfull loue he coude in no Wyse dygest

GEche of other was sore enamoured
yet none of them knewe the others mynde
Sygysmonde nothyng so moche desyred
As Guystarde in a secrete place to fynde
To Whome she myght bewray her loue so kynde
To none other she durst shewe her purpose
Leest they to her fater Wolde it dysclose

GShe coueytyng her mynde for to fulfull
All her mynde she wrote in a lettere
And in an holowe rede she put the byll
And to hym she gaue it Wich smylynge chere
Byddynge hym to bere it to her chambere
And to desyuer it vnto her mayd
To kyndle the fyre it was good she sayd

Guyarde than toke the foreshyd rede
Sayenge he wolde soone do her commaundement
But in his thought he well ymagyned
It was not gyuen hym but for some entent
Wherfore vno his chambre he forth went
And brake the rede Wherin he dyd espy
The letter enclosed ryght secretly

Whan that he had ouer red the byll Well
Wherin her purpose he had perceyued
He was so mery that no tongue can tell
The ioye whiche his herte had supprysed
For it was the thyng he moost desyred
Wherfore he agreed her mynde to fulyll
Accordyng to the tenoure of the byll

Coplade to these louers in the effect of theyz
Shere in loue the merueyous effect (loue
Without foreshyght compassyng y ende
Onely of lust the doyng to coniect
As by this lady whiche dyd condescende
Unto this knyght her mynde so to haue pende
Not regardyng her state of wydowheud
Honour and good fame forgetyng as deed

O folyshe Guyarde O bwylse Sygysmonde
One we Pyramus O yonge Wanton Thysbe
Was no reason nor fere in you founde
To pondre of Tancrede the inwarde cruelte
O blynde loue suche is thy properte
Yowthe to enclose with thy lubryke fyre
No thyng regarded but to do theyz desyre

Alas Guystarde where is thy memory
Thou doost not pondre thy maystres gentylnesse
Whiche from thy youthe hath fostred tenderly
His house & daughter thou wylt pollute rechelesse
Thou wylt dystayne his honour & noblenesse
His loue thou iesest his good wende and his dede
Beware suche seruycie suche is the wage or mede

Chow after that Guystarde had receyued y rede of
Sygysmonde he founde the caue wherethorow he
Went to her chambre.



There was a caue ioynynge vnto the place
Whiche was out of manes remembrance past
For it was not vsed of longe space
On the toppe therof in lyght for to cast
There was an hole whiche was so olde and wakt
That thornes and brieres dyd it ouer growe
So that the entre therof none myght knowe

¶ And from the caue there was a secrete way
Whiche of no creature was espyed
Unto the chambre whiche as Sygysmonde lay
The way therof so longe was dyslised
The doore of the sayd caue was fast barred
Whiche passage was stopped so secretly
That harde it was the entrynge to espye

¶ Sygysmonde by the secrete introducyon
Of loue from whose eyes no thyng can be hyd
Of the sayd caue she founde the entrynge soone
And in to it alone she descended
Both the length and deynesse she well regarded
And to Guystarde she made therof reporte
By wrytynge how he myght to her resorte

¶ Guystarde of this beyng aduertysed
Ordred all thynges mete to his besynesse
A ledder cote for hym he deuysed
From thornes and bzeres to kepe hym harmelesse
And in the nyght thyder he dyd hym dresse
And by a rope in to the caue dyd syde
And there for her all nyght he dyd abyde

¶ In the mornyng whan the day gan to appere
Sygysmonde caused to auoyde by a trayne
The maydes whiche lay within her chambere
Sayenge that nyght she shude not lepe for Payne
And quyckly than to rest she wolde fayne
And after them shelocked fast the doore
Of her purpose shethought shewolde be sure

Gyst.

B. J.

C into the caue she gothe incontynent
Syndyng Guystarde she ofte dyd hym embrase
In to her chamb're they bothe after Went
And vnto bedde they yede for theyr solace
Theyr pleasaunt lyfe they contynue a space
Enforlynge them selue to please eche other
Cyll it was tym for them to dysseuer

C Guystarde in to the caue Went secretly
After whome she locked the doore full fast
And to her maydens she went hastely
But he durst not whyte the day dyd last
Go from the caue but whan mydryght was past
He Went out so that none hym espyed
And vnto his house fast he hym hyed

C Osten tymes this custome they vsed
Theyr lyfe amorous ledynge couerly
Of a longe tyme it was not perceyued
But fortune whiche is alway contrary
By his harde chaunce these louers dyd dyscry
So that with sorowe ended theyr pleasure
There is no ioye that alway may endure

C Tancrede alone vsed customeably
Unto his daughters chamb're to resort
And on her bedde to slepe somtyme Wolde ly
Or els with her to synde some game and sporte
In her talkynge he had full greate confort
And whan he had ben there a certayn space
He Wolde departe vnto some other place

CHe came unto her chambre on a day
Whyle she was with her maydens in the gardyne
He seyng that she was bely in play
Besyde her bedde he dyd hymselfe declyne
Afore his face he dyd drawe the curtayne
A soft pylowe vnder his heed he cast
His very body fell a slepe full fast

Sygysmonde before her chambre Wyndowes hyt
For with Guystarde she had made a poyntment
The same day to haue a mery fyt
And whan she thought her tyme conuenyent
Out of the gardyne secretly she went
And unto her chambre she resorted
And after her the doore she fast locked

CShe not knowynge her fathur there a slepe
The caue doore she opened with her key
And caused Guystarde out of it to crepe
And on the bedde as they were wont alway
Of Venus they bled the spore and play
So that by noysle and wordes that they dyd make
Tancrede her fathur out of his slepe dyd wake

CTancrede from his slepe moued fodeynly
All theyz pastyme he well aduertysed
At the fyrist tyme he dyd chynke for to crye
But in hym selfe he well delybered
By sylence his mynde sholde be better sped
And that he myght with delyberacyon
Upon them bothe take full correctyon

B. ff.

Where fro in nō pse he kept hym selfe full close
These louers whan they had done shēy pleasure
With glad semblaunt they bothe from y bedde rose
The dede they thought ryght secrete and sure
In to the caue whiche was depe and obscure
Guystarde went in as he was wont to do
And Sygysmonde dyd to her maydens go

CB. Coplande by exclamacyon to fortune.

Quisabile fortune, comblyngē as thē see
Thā y se mox̄ sypper, stolen after rayne
Here is thy dede, here is thy properte
Neuer more but chaungable todayne
These two louers, by thy bryttle trayne
Thou hast assembled, and how wyl̄ dysceuer
A worthy acte, this is thy guyse euer
Pryam and Thylshe, thou goodly behyght
Dydo to Ene, thou caused to combryngē
Arcyte to Emely, in sturdy syght
And Heleyn to Parys, holly to enclyngē
Ppompeus to Athelant of noble lyne
Troylus to Creseide, by reason of Mandare
At last bwaires, thou dydest them separe

Co fortune harde, o schaunes nōost extreme
To bryngē her fath̄er, o wyked slacke traytresse
Was there none other person in all the reme
For to dyscouer, theȳ secret besynesse
None, no, there is grāte heynesse
Of ony other, b̄ al ryght haue ben b̄nayde
But nay for sothe, thou fortune haſt them trayde

How Guystarde was taken
comyng out of the caue.



Tancrede for this chaunce beyng troubled
from the chambre secretly dyd yssue
And with Watche men the caue he enclosed
Within the nyght Guystarde for to pursue
As he came oute they toke this louer true
In his ledde cote as he was clothed
Before Tancrede they haue hym presented

GTancrede unto hym spake thus cruelly
Guystarde my kyndnesse hath not deserued
That thou sholde do to me this bylany
Whiche with myne eyen this day I espyed
I haue alwaye the greatly fauoured
Thou hast dyshonoured me by thyne offence
For kyndnesse shame thou doest me rcompence

B.iii.

C The true louer answered pyteously
Unto Tancrede layenge syz for certayne
The harde chaunce of loue no man can deny
It is greater than is the power humayne
From it I coude my selfe in no Wyse restrayne
Your purssuance may not unto loue compare
Loue is so greate that it wyl no man spare

C This prynce for this beynge full of sorowe
Commaunded hym to be kept in prysone
And after dynet on the nexte morrowe
Unto his daughters chambre he went ryght soone
All were auoyded saue they two alone
With heuy chere thus unto her he sayd
Whiche kne we no thyng her councell was bewrayd

C Sygysmonde I haue ben longe dysceyued
By your honest vertu and sadde prudence
Whiche unto me so stedfast appered
That in you I had so greate confydence
Thynkyng ye wolde never do suche offence
No man coude haue made me it to byleue
yf with myne eyes the dede I dyd not preue

C Thy heynous trespace doth my herte soye greue
Whiche contynually is in my thought
That the small tyme Whiche I haue to leue
In sorowe to ende thou hast it now brought
At leest yf thou had mynded to be nought
Thou sholde haue taken one to thy degré
Conuenient the lesse the faute had be

CBut of the multytude that bse my hall
Thou hast chosen Guystarde thy loue to be
Whiche is moost symple and poorest of them all
Not gentyll borne but come of lowe degré
Whome we haue nouysched for charyte
Wherfore I am so wapped in sorowe
That what to do as yet I do not knowe

COf Guystarde whiche is in captyuyte
What Wyll do I am delybered
But what punysshement I shall take on the
As yet my mynde is not determynd
Loue Wolde the offence to be pardoned
The trespace requyret vengeaunce certayne
Justyce Wolde punysshe nature Wolde refrayne

CTherefore my mynde as yet is baryable
Not knowynge what to do ne what cunceyll
Sholde to this mater be moost profytable
But I thought fyrt to knowe thy mynde and Wyll
And vpon that my pleasure to fulfyll
These wordes sayd he cast asyde his eye
And lyke a chylde he wept haboundauntly

CSyrgysmonde her ynge her father thus speke
And how Guystarde was put in pryslon depe
For sorowe her herte in two dyd nyghe breke
Unneth from sowynge she coude her selfe kepe
But lamentably she full fast dyd wepe
Knowynge they loue to be dyscouered
Whiche of longe tyme had be full closely hyd

CShe baynquysshyng her fenyngne courage
With constant mynde she dyd ceale to lament
For angre she knyt the browes and bysage
And for to dye in herte she dyd assent
ys Guystarde dyed by her fader's Judgement
Wherfore of de he she beyng not dysmayd
Unto her fader these wordes she sayd

Cfather your mercy I wyll not requyre
Syth your mynde is my louer for to kyll
I shall not hyng optayne of my desyre
And as for me it shall be at your wyll
Whyder that ye wyll my lyfe do saue or spyll
The one I knowe well I shall neuer get
The other to haue I do not couet

CWherfore your mercy I do now despyle
And with good reason for to purge my fame
Of this my dede lette it you now suffyle
That ye your selfe of it are moost to blame
For I had neuer come vnto this shame
Yf it had not ben by your neclygence
Syth I dyd yll it is b'it your offence

CTo loue Guystarde I knowlege and confesse
Ild euer shall wohle that my lyfe doth last
Whiche is but short the trewthe for to expresse
By herte and wyll shall euer be stedfast
Yf loue may be whan that the lyfe is past
Bym for to loue my herte shall neuer seale
But and it may it shall rather encrease

Chath er ye sholde haue well consydred
That I am not made of yron nor ston
But of your fleshe and nature engendred
And though that by age your courage is gone
Of yow he ye sholde haue consydration
How they be brent with ryght feruent desyre
Of loue whiche both they herdes sore set on fyre

Cforthermore ye myght ryght well consyder
That ydelnesse and delycate sedynge
In yonge people to lust is a breder
And how I am in yonge age shorysshynge
And of my husbande hauynge knowledgyng
Of loue what the delycousnes ment
Wherfore with desyre I sholde soone be brent

Chayng in voluptuosyte
Withe nyght and day my mynde I dyd apply
By flamynghe here howquenched it myght be
Without mannes helpe I knowe no remedy
Wherfore my courage for to satysfy
In secrete wyle I thought to bse the game
So that no man therof me sholde dysfame

Cloue and fortune my purpose forderyng
A secret caue they made me for to fynde
Wherof no man had any knowledgyng
Whiche caue auaunted my desyre and mynde
Thynkyng I myght secretly bse my kynde
But of your knowlege I greatly meruell
The encryng therof how that yecoudet tell
Guyst. C. s.

Guystarde I haue not loued saymedly
As moost wosten be wort of theyr blage
But of longetyne I dyd dylgently
Regarde his good maners and wysdome sage
His constaunt vertu and manly courage
Or I wolde wnto hym ony loue cast
Whiche is so sure that it shall euer last

But for he is borne but of lowe degré
Ye say to me the dede to be to me more shame
By your sayenge as semeth wnto me
Fortune and not Guystarde ye do now blame
Unwyrthy men whiche bryngeth to greate fame
And they that be worthy of greate renome
She kepeh loue vnder her fell chaldome

Dof one man we toke our orygynall
Werul makeh man to be excellent as any man may call
Whose dede is good hym noble man may call
Though your sayenge thereto do not assent
But ygnorant men thynke by theyr Judgement
He is noble that is of greate estate
Though theyr maners be worthy for to hate

Cthe dedes of your nobles remembre
And the maners of Guystarde therwithall
Certes yf yo wyl iustly consydre
Of noblenesse he shall be speyall
Noble vngoble eyther ye may call
Theyr brynges and maners are ful contrary
From noblenesse they greatly do vary

CI take recorde therof of your reporte
Whome ye haue praysed so excellently
Of your assyrmynge I toke greate confort
His vertu ye so moche dyd magnyfy
And without I am dyspysed truly
There is no praye to hym attybutted
But that he hath it full well deserued

Cyf he be poore yet he is excellent
His noble vertu doth enhaunce his name
His youthe in your seruycē hath longe spent
Yf he be poore therof ye be to blame
With rychesse ye myght haue raysed his name
Promocyon he hath deserued full well
Pouerte dooth not gentylnesse expell

CAnd wherē ye be in amynguyte
How ye may do to punysshē mynē offensē
Of the sayd doute I wyl make your herte frē
To punysshē Guystarde yf ye do pretence
Upon me execute the same sentence
I was the cause that he dyd thettespace
Yf that he dye I coueyte not your grāce

CDethe I seve not nor lyse I woldē optayne
But of Guystarde yf ye take not mercy
Though ye woldē me spare I shall not refrayne
But of my selfe take bengeaunce cruelly
And yf we haue deserued so dydye
Upon vs bothe accomplisshe your pleasure
For after hym my lyse shall not longedure

Robert Coplande to the
constancy in loue of
Sygysmonde.

Constant lady/Dyght of louers shene
O turtle true/ thy louer so absent
what myght thou more/ thā w courage clene
Offre thy selfe/ to deth moost bypolent
For thy Guystarde/ whiche hath his Judgements
Alas my pen/ for ruthe sozowe doth quake
Onely for ruthe/ that I haue for thy sake

Cglas sweete woman/ thou loued not for mede
Nor yet in comune/ but stedfastly to one
Whiche secrete was in Worde/ thought and dede
And neuer loued but onely the alone
Alas what sozowe now that he is gone
Doth the compasse/ standyng eall in dred
Derynge hym luded to deth by syers Tancrede

CWyll none excuse/ thy fader's herte relent
And thou his chylde/ Du nature moost vntrewe
Alas me thynke/ Is e the here present
Betayned With teres/ and alshy deedly he we
Thou doest not prayse his fauoure to eschewe
But hardyed in loue/ makyng thy Judgement
Weyngre therby/ his herte for to relent

Cafins.

Chow Guystarde was taken out of pryson and his
herte cutoute of his body / & sente in a cuppe of golde
to Sygysmonde.



Ghis prynce peyng ge his doughters courage
Thought not þ she Wolde her layenge fulfyll
But from her chambre he toke his passage
To sle his doughter it was not his Wyll
But Guystarde he determinyned to kyll
After Whose dethe he thought she Wolde refayne
Forgettynge the loue that was with them twayne

Ghe commaunded them that dyd kepe the Tayle
To strangle Guystarde by his fell iudgement
Secretly in the nyght they sholde not sayle
And from his body his herte they sholde rent
And therewithall they sholde do hym present
Whose commaundement they durst not dysobey
But executed it without delay

C.iii.

Ctancrede in a cuppe of golde put the herte
And by a secret seruaunt he is sent
Unto his daughter With this message smert
Sayenge your fader sendeth you this present
That you sholde take conforte is his entent
Of that whiche ye loued best in your mynde
Whome ye haue founde so stedfast true and kynde

CBut Sygysmonde after her fader was gone
Out of her chambre her mynde to fulfyll
To the gardyne she went secret alone
And gadred beynymous herbes to styll
Where with she myght her selfe sodeynly kyll
Yf Guystarde were slayne as she dyd suppose
Than by that benym her selfe she wolde lose

CBut after this message was to her tolde
She tolde the cuppe with a sadde countenaunce
The herte therin sadly she dyd beholde
She pondred within her remembraunce
That it was his herte she had no dowtaunce
Wherfore she sayd unto the messangere
These wordes followyng with heuy chere

CCertaine my fader hath well conlydred
This noble herte is not worthy to haue
Other sepulture to be entyred
For in a cuppe of golde sholde be his graue
So greate a gyft he never to me gaue
With greate thankes haue me recommended
For his kyndnesse can not be deserued

C. Coplande by exclamacponto
Trancrede in executyng
tyranny.

C. Ute on the tyraunt/Dictuall Trancrede
What hast thou done/fury to commyt
Beholde Guystarde wouten herte here blede
Wo Worth thy dome/and hasty shytte wyt
Outrage alas how is thy reason quyt
Onely but dethe/sye out alas for wo
No pryslon/banysshment/nor punysshinge but so

C. Thou hast not regarded the wordes of thy chylde
For her answers/Witc promysse desperate
But in angre thou hast thy selfe begylde
Now to repente thou shalt it fynde to late
Ile what conterfornies abreyuate
But repentaunce/D sole inslavynt
Of folyshe Judge/an hasty iudgement

C. With dethe of one/thou thought to haue the other
Thou lelest bothe/and all with hastynesse
True loue of deth is the very mother
Recorde of Dido/as Wygyll doth expresse
Dyanya/Isyphyll/and Lucrese
With many other Whiche at this tyme I spare
And now by the is come these louers share

C. finis.

Chow Sygysmonde dyed after the herte
of Guystarde was sent to her.



The sayd messengere with this dyd departe.
Sygysmonde holdynge the cuppe tenderly
With her lyppes often kyssed the herte
Replenysched with teres abundauntly
With face pale for wo and melancoly
Beholdynge it with deedly countenaunce
In this wylle she wayled the wofull chaunce

Conoble herte the pleasaunt hospytall
Of my desyre whiche by greate cruelte
Hast synysched for me thy lyfe mortall
To knowe thy dethe it had suffysed me
Though with myne eyes I dyd it not se
But me thynke it is to me agrable
Thou hast thy graue to the conuenable

CAt thy last departyng therelacked nought
But the teres of thy louer so fre
yet god hath put within my fathers thought
Thy herte he hath sent hyder unto me
To fornysshe them at this thyne obsequie
He knewe it loued me spesially
But with dry eyes I dyd thynke so to dy

CI can desyre no better company
Than thy noble herte at my departyng
for to the it is ryght necessary
To haue knowlge of my lyfe the endynge
By soule with thyne to be is desyryng
Ensemble that they may go theyr passage
Where pleaseth god to theyr last pylgrymage

CThese wordes sayd she dyd declyne her eye
Upon the cuppe wherin the herte was layde
Lyke a rauer she wept haboundauntly
But noyse or cry she dyd not out brayde
As women be wont but with mynde dysmayde
Full oft she kyssed therethe ded herte
Complaynyng on fortune false and peruert

CHer gentyl women beyng there present
What the herte lygnysyd they dyd meruayle
And wherfore she dyd so greatly lament
And for pyte they dyd wepe and wayle
Prayenge her to make to them rehersayle
The cause wherfore she made so moche sorrowe
But in no wyle of her they myght it knowe

Guyst.

D.s.

And whan he had wept suffycently
She dryed her eyen and ceased her wepyng
And to the herte she sayd thus pyteously
O noble herte best beloued of all thyng
The offyce of loue I make now endyng
For tyme it is that I sholde folowe the
By cruell deth thy felowe for to be

Chis sayd she dranke the poysen without fere
And on her beddesowne her selfe she layde
The deed herte to hershe helde harde and nere
Abydynge her deth without noysse or brayd
The maydens of this beyngre sore afayd
Suspectyng the drynke and lamentacyon
To Tancrede therof they made relacyon

Cher father of this was greatly meued
For he ffered his daughters fell courage
That her selfe with some thyng had greued
To her chambre he toke fast his passage
But the poysen no medycyne coude asswage
Wherfore he syghed and wept asperly
Complayngnge his daughters harde desteny

Cshe prayed hym to cease so sor to rauue
And that he of his extreme charyte
Wolde burye her and Guystarde in one graue
And for she lyuyng suffered myght not be
Secrete to vse famlyaryte
That after her deth she vncouertlye
Myght be layd by hym Where so he dyd lyfe

CTancrede for wo and sorowe coude not speke
Sygysmonde felynge deth to approche fast
And that her eye strynges began to breke
She badde them all farewell With mynde stedfast
With that her soule out of her body past
The herte full harde she helde vntyll her brest
Untyll that deth her lyke had ouer prest

CThus the loue of these louers fynysched
Tancrede after his wofull heuynesse
In one sepulture them bothe entered
Within the cyte of Salerne doutlesse
Full lyke a prynce With greate pompe and rychesse
To these two louers Ieu of his grace
Graunt mercy & in heuen to hane a place. Amen.

CThe leuoy of R. Coplande,



O tragedy unto thy translatoure
Betwylle to he thy chaunce unfortunat
yf ought be amys thyne impressoure
In addycyon or sence mylytterate
Pray hym of helpe thy fautes to casty gate
And whare nede is to adde or elles detray
Pardon of my smakynge gladly thou hym pray

CAnd hym requyre accordyng to promys
His boke to achiue he wyl with myne intent
Whiche is of substance Worthe many of this
And more Worthy of mater excellent
How be it with this I do ryght well assent

D.ij.

That he with pamphletes many doth occupy
Whiche morall bookes redeth not Wylyngly

CAnd yf thou happe to reimpreßyon
Desyre them the whiche shall be the cause
Though thou be yll that no transgressyon
By them nor the yrs be made in ony clause
Correcyon I agre but there a pause
folowe your copy and lette thamendyng alone
He may yll mende two tonges that can but one

CNone be the maysters that with me Wyll dele
Than beware my lytell boke I pray
From boyes and lernetts lest they thy trowthe stelle
And holly thy fautes vnto me lay
Shewe for the thy mater what ever that they say
Of loue foly fortune hastynesse and shame
Unto thyne auctour and not to me the blame

CAnd vnto them whiche chayned be in loue
Shewe example of wylfull appetyte
Ordre eche whare theyr courages to moue
Well cometh entent taken of wylle resperte
Gyue councell to leue sensuall delyte
Take the as myrrour such daunger to ensewe
By harme of other they may the same eschewe.

f 3



¶ Thus endeth the amorous hystory of Guystarde
and Sygysmonde. Imprynted at London in
fletestrete at the sygne of the Sonne by
Wynkyn de Worde. In the yere of our
lorde. M. CCC. XXXij.



D. 111.







